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Impressions of England.

A Lecture before "The Young People's Association of St. James' Church, Paris," Dec. 20, 1900, by the Rector, Rev. Alfred Brown, B. A., Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Canada.

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ANGLICAN CHURCH
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Church House Toronto

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

am well aware that in undertaking to lecture on England I am taking for my subject one that is very familiar, not to say threadbare, and one upon which I cannot expect to say anything that is new. The young people of St. James' Church Association were desirous to hear what I had to say about it, and as it was thought that some others might also wish to do so, the Town Hall was secured, and the opportunity was given them to come. Not a few of you were born and have lived in England; many of you have visited more than once the Mother Country, and all by reading are more or less acquainted with England, and things English. Still, whatever may have been said or written, England, because of the place it has filled in the history of the past, and the prominent position she occupies in the world to-day; and, more especially because of our close relation to it politically, socially and otherwise can never cease to be of interest to the citizens of the Empire, who live in Canada, the largest, most important, and most progressive of the group of nations, which constitute the confederacy of Greater Britain.

It is often claimed by Americans that none can enjoy and appreciate a visit to England so much as a citizen of the United States, and that they do go there in great numbers, and are in many cases sympathetic visitors, charmed by the contrast between a new country and an old one, and also interested by the fact that from England their forefathers came, and from it many of their institutions were derived cannot be denied. Yet I maintain that a Canadian or Australian, whose affection for the home of his ancestors has never been impaired by any rupture, whose mind has never been poisoned by the traditions of a bitter struggle, who goes there, not as an alien, but as much of a British subject as though he had been born in Kent, who recognizes in the flag that flutters in the breeze the same flag that flies as the symbol of liberty and justice in his native land beyond the seas, can even more than the most England-loving citizen of the Great Republic, and they are by no means few, value and enjoy a visit to what he still affectionately calls "home," and what is still his Mother Country.

Because of speed and safety, I took passage from New York by the Steamship Lucania, of the Cunard Line. The Lucania is one of the so-called ocean greyhounds, and is a record-breaker as to speed, having made the passage from land to land more than once in less than six days. She is about 600 feet long, has a crew of 350 men, and is in all respects a magnificently appointed ship. The secret of the success of this oldest line of steamers is evident in the wonderful discipline which is maintained on board. You rarely hear a word of command given, each man seems to know his duty, and to do it, and you are surprised at the manner in which 2,000 people, for that was the number on board, are fed, lodged and transported across 3,000 miles of ocean. I left New York 10 a.m. on Saturday, 5th, of May. I was not sea-sick, though many were, and greatly enjoyed the voyage. On Friday, at 2 p.m., we were at Queenstown, and on Saturday, May 12, at 9 a.m., landed at Liverpool.

At Liverpool you have but little trouble with the Customs. I did not even open my trunk. I was simply asked if I had any tobacco or spirits, and on replying in the negative, my trunk was marked with chalk, and I was free to go my way. There is a great contrast with reference to Customs at New York, where the high American Tariff prevails. You there appear and make declarations before three officials, and then one is detailed to examine your baggage, and any trifles you may have are levied upon. I only escaped paying duty on a few small articles by sending my trunk through in bond. Whatever may be the merits of Protective Tariffs, travellers appreciate the convenience of Free Trade.

ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

The London and North Western Railway has a special service for Atlantic passengers only, which runs from the Riverside station on the landing stage, via Crewe and Rugby, to Euston Square Station, London, over 200 miles in four hours. This was my first experience of an English railway. The carriages looked small, though this was what was called a corridor train. Each compartment seated 6 or 8, and dinner was served on the train. Ordinarily, in England each carriage is separate, and seats ten—five facing and five with their backs to the engine—and the latter seats, because you there escape the draught, seem to be preferred. They seem insignificant compared with our railroad coaches. They have this advantage, that they empty more quickly than ours, and it must be remembered that people generally do not travel such long distances as they do in Canada. The prompt emptying of passenger trains is a great facility to busy people, especially in the crowded suburban trains in and out of London. In England people travel first, second and third class. The first and second class carriages, differ from the third only in being a little better upholstered in cloth instead of carpet. The advantage of going first and second class is that you may be less crowded, and your company more select. I

travelled third class, as well as first, and second, and never met with anything but good conduct. By Act of Parliament you travel third class for a penny a mile. The fare from Liverpool to London will illustrate the difference of prices in the several classes: First class, 29s.; second class, 23s. 8d.; third class, 16s. 6d., or roughly in dollars and cents $7, $5 and $4. The difference between first and third classes being nearly double.

In England, at all railway stations there are porters, employees of the company, who are ready to carry your baggage, and to whom you give a small fee. Tips are universal in England, and if you wish to get along comfortably you must be ready to pay for small services. But the amount expected is not large, 2d. or 3d. suffices for a railway porter, and he will for that put your baggage on the train or on your cab.

Many from Canada miss the checking system which prevails here, and are uneasy about their baggage. There is no occasion for this, however. Luggage is labelled for the place of destination, and on your arrival you pick out what belongs to you, and it is rarely that anything is lost or stolen. People who had travelled in America and England told me they preferred the English system, where they could see their baggage, pick it up without delay, and go on their journey.

In English railways they have no uniform method of collecting tickets. Sometimes they are collected on the train, at others as you leave the station, and sometimes not at all. This led me into a slight difficulty on two occasions. On my first ride from Liverpool to London the ticket was collected by the Guard. On arriving in London the custom on the omnibuses was to give you a ticket, which is not asked for again unless at rare intervals by an Inspector. Taking one day a suburban train, on which the ticket was not asked for, I concluded that the omnibus plan prevailed, and as I left the train threw away my ticket, and was confronted at the gate with a demand for it, and, failing to produce it, had to pay the fare over again. The moral being in all cases, hold on to your ticket.

On another occasion, going from London to Portsmouth, at Chichester, the Guard asked for my ticket. I put my hand in my pocket and gave him one uncollected by another line. He regarded me with suspicion, as he said that was not the right ticket, and I was not a little flustered, till feeling my pockets I found the one I wanted.

The railway system in Canada and the United States is in many respects in advance of that of England. But we must remember that the railway arrangements of a continent, and over 80,000,000 people must necessarily differ from that of a small country like England, with a population of 32,000,000. England is only twice the size of the Province of New Brunswick, and would be an island if placed in the united waters of Lakes Superior, Huron and Erie. It is only 360 miles from the Isle of Wight to Berwick, on Tweed, and 300 miles from North Foreland, in Kent, to Lands End, so that a man living in Birmingham,

which is about the centre of England, would not have to go 200 miles to reach any point in it. Sleepers, dining cars, etc., are not as necessary there as they are here, when days, and even weeks, are spent on trains.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

The time chosen for my visit was most favorable, not only as regards weather, which was fine, with much less rain than I had been led to expect; but because the "London Season" is chiefly comprised within the months of May, June, and July, when Parliament is sitting, the aristocracy are at their town residences, the greatest artists in the world are performing at the opera, and the picture exhibitions are open. The weather in May was quite cold, and also again in June, but at other times, and especially in July, it was decidedly warm, but as a rule very warm weather, though oppressive at the time, does not last long.

My first impressions of the country, as I gazed at it from the windows of the fast flying train, were altogether favorable. The chief features were the hedges, the vivid green of the grass and trees, the sleek aspect of the cattle, and the finished appearance of all one saw. The first impression of London, as seen from the top of an omnibus, as you drive through great thoroughfares like Oxford St., Holborn, Newgate St., past the prison and St. Paul's, and down Cheapside to the Bank of England and Mansion House, and see the crowded streets, and recognize historical buildings and places; or pass Trafalgar Square, and down Whitehall to Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, is to excite most pleasurable feelings at seeing the places, with the names and associations of which you have long been familiar; and of wondering perplexity at the labyrinth of streets, lanes and parks, and of conjecture as to whether you will ever be able to find your way about them.

It was my good fortune to see Her Majesty the Queen the first day I was in England. At 4 in the afternoon she was leaving Paddington Station for Windsor. On telling a policeman I was a clergyman from Canada, he placed me in a good position to see Her Majesty. She drove up in her carriage, attended by a detachment of Life Guards. Assisted by her East Indian attendant, in native costume, she walked from the carriage to the waiting room. All was very simple, and it was not without emotion that I looked upon her venerable form and features, made familiar by many illustrations of her, as I recalled what she was as a woman and as a Monarch, and thought of the place she would fill in history, and in the judgment of posterity. It was something to have even caught a glimpse of her, who had then occupied the throne of England for 63 years, in which time the Empire has advanced beyond the most sanguine anticipations in all that constitutes political, moral and material greatness.

I saw her once again in July, the last day but one I was in London. On that occasion she was driving to Buckingham Palace.

She was warmly and respectfully welcomed by the crowd, but Canon Richardson, myself and another Canadian clergyman shouted our hurrahs so loudly that she looked in our direction and gave us a distinct bow of recognition.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

In England the Church of England is established by law. It is the national church, and includes among her members a majority of the people. Her Bishops have seats in the House of Lords, though Parliament does not give pecuniary support. The Bishops and Clergy have great influence, not only as ministers of religion, but socially, and in all that pertains to education and charity. Her buildings cover the land, and the parson is ubiquitous. You see him in the streets of London, and in country lanes and rural railway stations. He may not always be a great orator, but he is the friend of the poor man, and is a link binding rich and poor together. A State church maintains a standard of religious belief and practice, and is in my judgment preferable to the chaotic state of things which in religious matters prevails in America.

The national church numbers many able scholars and preachers among her Bishops and Clergy, and the influence of her clergy is widespread and beneficial.

There is no doubt some ritualism in England, meaning, thereby, excess of ritual, but the extent of it is greatly exaggerated. In the great majority of churches the service is quite plainly conducted, though in all you will find a surpliced choir, and a choral or semi-choral service. I was much struck with the musical rendering of the service in England. As I heard it at the Temple church and elsewhere, it was simply angelic. It was, I suppose, the rare quality of the English voice, combined with the greatest culture, which constituted its charm; possibly increased by the acoustic properties and effects of the stone arches and roofs of the sacred buildings in which the service is conducted.

ST. PAUL'S.

The first church service I attended in England was at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday morning, May 13, at 10.30 o'clock. The London Volunteer Rifle Corps entered the Cathedral as I reached the front entrance. A fine body of active young men, apparently drawn from the better classes, uniformed in dark green, and wearing kid gloves. Following the in-rushing multitude, and telling a Verger I was from Canada, which I found to be an open sesame on more than one occasion, he conducted me to the front of the Nave, and gave me a seat just under the pulpit. The vast Cathedral was filled to the doors, and the congregation was well up in the thousands. The service Matins, Litany and Holy Communion was beautifully rendered, and was the perfection of church music. To me it was a revelation of the beauty, power

and possibilities of our Anglican service, and I listened with wrapt attention to it, as it proceeded through plaintive confession and prayer, up to the highest notes of praise in the Psalms, Te Deum and Gloria in Excelsis. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton, from St. Luke 7; 7: "For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it," and was adressed to the military. It was extemporaneous, plain and practical, and dwelt on the relations of our special calling in life to life generally, and the virtue and benefit of discipline, obedience and duty. It struck me that it needed much effort to preach to such a congregation in such a building.

This distinguished prelate has died but recently, and his body lies buried in the chapel in the crypt of St. Paul's, in front of the altar. Called away at the early age of 58 years, his death is a distinct loss not only to the great diocese of London, but to the world of letters, and the church at large. He was remarkable for his erudition, his statesmanlike qualities, his genial manners, his indomitable resolution, and untiring industry. His death in the midst of so useful a career is generally lamented.

St. Paul's Cathedral is London's most prominent building. It is believed that a church was built on the spot by the Christians in the time of the Romans. Old St. Paul's, of which pictures remain, was burned down in 1666. The present church was begun in 1675, and finished 1710, being 35 years in course of erection. The designer was Sir Christopher Wren, who lived to see it completed. Above the North door is the tablet in memory of the great architect, with the inscription:—"Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice." "Reader, if you want a monument look about you." In fact, the Cathedral is a standing monument to the great genius of Sir Christopher Wren, who has left his mark upon the metropolis in many other churches and public buildings. It is the grandest Cathedral erected since the Reformation, and that it is designed for the Reformed service is shown by the absence of a Lady Chapel, which is an adjunct generally of pre-Reformation Cathedrals.

A lecture might easily be given on St. Paul's alone, and I must content myself with mentioning a few particulars. St. Paul's is the third largest church in Christendom, being surpassed only by St. Peter's at Rome, which it resembles, and the Cathedral of Milan.

The west facade is towards Ludgate Hill. In front of this rises a statue of Queen Anne, with England, France, Ireland and America at her feet. The figure representing America is that of an Indian. When placed there it represented what is now the older part of the United States. From 1759 to 1783, it represented the whole of America; and from 1783 to the present it has stood for what is now the Dominion of Canada. May the time never come when Canada shall cease to be a part of the Queen's Dominions, and this statue cease to express the unity of England and her great colony in Northern America.

There are numerous monuments in St. Paul's, chiefly to Military and Naval heroes. Wellington and Nelson are buried here, notwithstanding that the latter exclaimed during the battle of St. Vincent, "Victory or Westminster Abbey."

Two monuments will especially interest Canadians. One, a tablet, high up at the west end, in memory of Sir Isaac Brock, supported in death by a friend, and an Indian standing by. The other, a bust of Sir John A. Macdonald, in the crypt, containing the famous legend:—

"A British subject was I born,
A British subject will I die."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Westminster Abbey attracts probably more sightseers than any other place in London. It is of the greatest historical interest. Without going further back to uncertain traditions and legends, it is certain that Edward the Confessor built a church here in his reign, which ended 1066, and which he designed for his own burial place. The church that we see to-day is the growth of centuries. Its main portion is the work of King Henry III., (1216-1272) and it was opened for service A.D. 1269. From the time of the interment before the altar of the body of Edward the Confessor, Norman kings, monks, clergy and the English people, vied with each other in honoring his name. To be crowned by his graveside, lent an additional sanctity to the rite, and thus from the Conqueror to Queen Victoria every reigning sovereign has received the crown beneath this roof, within a few yards of the dust of the Confessor. Kings counted it a privilege to be buried near those saintly ashes, there lay Chaucer, and later Spencer; and it is easy to understand how increasingly the feeling spread that to be laid to sleep in ground sacred with the dust of kings, warriors, churchmen, statesmen and poets was an honor of the highest order.

The Eastern End, the Chapel of Henry VII., was built in that monarch's reign, (1485-1509), and the towers at the Western End were added by Wren and Hawkesmere, A.D. 1722-1740.

Westminster Abbey is cruciform in shape, and such churches reared in an age when reading and writing were confined to a few, were intended to teach by means of symbols. The Nave representing the beam of the Cross to which our Lord's body was attached — the transepts were designed to recall the outstretched arms of the crucified Savior, and the Sacrarium the head of the cross. Further on, at the extreme east, would generally be added a "Lady Chapel," or Chapel of the Virgin, representing the idea of the Virgin Mother supporting the head of her son when lowered from the Cross.

Henry VII. Chapel is in the perpendicular style. The other parts of the church, with the exception of the unpleasing and incongruous towers by Wren, and a few doubtful Norman remains,

are early English. Entering Solomon's Porch, on the North transept and, making your way to the west door, and looking eastward to the altar, your first impressions are a sense of antiquity, a feeling of disappointment as to size, and it seems to you that the idea of a Temple of Fame has been given too much prominence in a House built and devoted to the worship of the most High God. In regard to size, however, the Abbey is really vast, but the Nave and aisles being only 75 feet wide, and filled with monuments, and the columns occupying some space, the idea of smallness occurs to one.

To dwell on all the objects of interest in the Abbey, its coronation chair, its numerous monuments of the illustrious dead, the great events which have transpired within its walls, would occupy more time than you can spare at present. Suffice it to say that to Canadians Wolfe's monument is of surpassing interest, and that one lingers for a moment at the tomb of Major Andre, the victim of unfortunate circumstances, who was hanged as a spy, Oct. 2, 1780, and buried beneath the gallows on the banks of the Hudson. The monument was erected at the expense of George 3rd.

There are many quaint inscriptions on the tombs and tablets, in the Abbey. On that of John Gay, the poet, is inscribed according to his desire his own strange couplet:—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."

The great dramatist, Francis Beaumont, lies under a nameless stone, near Dryden. Of Beaumont's separate poems, that on the tomb of Westminster Abbey is one of the finest, and with it we bid adieu to the Abbey:—

Mortality, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heap of stones.
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
.....Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined side of Kings;
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

The sights of London are either free to the public, or admission is obtained on payment of the price of entrance, or you are permitted to visit some place on producing an order from some one in authority. In regard to the latter, Canadians are greatly assisted by our High Commissioner Lord Strathcona, that noble and representative citizen of our great Dominion. There was a time, not very remote, either, when a Canadian or any colonist, was at a great disadvantage in visiting England, compared

with a foreigner. The latter, through his country's Ambassador, could obtain privileges that were denied to colonists. This has all been reversed, and the High Commissioners of the several colonies, whose offices are on Victoria St., are very attentive to visitors from their several colonies. From Lord Strathcona I received several orders admitting me to the Houses of Parliament, the Mint, the Postoffice, etc.

On the 17th of May I was present at a short session of the House of Lords. There were about 60 Lords present. The only Bishop present, in his robes was the Archbishop of Canterbury. I heard Lord Salisbury make a brief speech. A number of prominent members, among them Lord Kelvin, the great scientist, and Lord Russell, the late Chief Justice, were pointed out to me. The same afternoon I heard a debate on the question of Tenement Houses in the Commons.

In company with Mrs. Rush and Mrs. Dymond, both formerly of Paris, I went to see the Royal Mint. On our way we walked across London Bridge, that great avenue of ceaseless traffic, from which we had a fine view of the river, and of innumerable ships, steamers and barges; and also of the Tower and Tower Bridge. Proceeding along the streets by the riverside, we reached the Royal Mint, and were taken in charge by a guide and saw all the several stages of coining from a farthing to a sovereign in a finished state. The most remarkable thing was the finely adjusted scale, which separated any of over or under weight from the rest. The last thing before they are ready for circulation is the sounding by a boy by ear of all sovereigns to find if any have been cracked in the process of stamping.

After leaving the Mint, we entered the church of St. Botolph Aldgate. It was Ascension Day, but the service was over. The organ was in the gallery. With permission of the woman in charge, Mrs. Rush played some familiar hymns, and I blew the bellows. In this church is preserved the head of the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey, who was beheaded in the Tower 1554. It was brought here from an older church, now closed, Holy Trinity Minories. Dr. Kinns, Vicar of this church, whom I met, in his history of this church from 1293 to 1893, gives an account of this strange relic of the past. He says:—"In 1852 the late Lord Dartmouth was inspecting the vaults of his ancestors under our church, when he came across something that might have been a basket filled with sawdust. On examining it he found it to contain a head in a remarkable state of preservation. I think it most probable that it was oaken sawdust, which, acting as an antiseptic, had not only preserved the head from decay, but had so mummified it that the features have remained sufficiently perfect for anyone acquainted with the Duke's likeness to recognize him; and, indeed, the late Sir George Scharf, keeper of the National Portrait Gallery, thought that he found the features to agree well with those of the Duke in Lodge's Portraits. I think it possible that the executioner was bribed to bring the head secretly to the church, and place it in the vault, where it

was found; and if the sawdust in the basket was that of oak, it would really tan the skin of the face to leather in the most natural way imaginable. The hair of the head all came away with the sawdust. The basket had quite perished."

I insert here as an offset to the somewhat ghastly object of which we have been speaking, and which I saw on the Queen's Birthday, an account of an hilarious, but afterwards "Penitent Hawker," from the London Telegraph for May 25, who no doubt was keeping the anniversary of Her Majesty's birth in a fashion only too common with many:—

LONDON POLICE COURTS.

A Penitent Hawker.

At the Guildhall, George Dawson, 58, who was described as a hawker, residing at Packington street, Borough, was placed in the dock for being drunk and disorderly in Bishopsgate street.

Very drunk, very excited, in the midst of a crowd, the prisoner was shouting, "Three cheers for Kruger!" He was asked to go away, but he refused, and, fortunately for himself, the police took charge of him.

In answer to the charge, the prisoner, in the most pathetic tones he could command, said:—"Sure, now, I didn't know what I was saying. Is it loikely I would ask for cheers for Kruger when I was selling medals of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen?" (Roars of laughter.)

The Alderman: You have been locked up all night. Pay half a crown fine, and don't get drunk again.

MUSEUM, TOWER NATIONAL GALLERY.

A visitor to London will not fail to see certain well-known things and places. Prominent among them is the British Museum. A visit, or many visits, to this vast depository and collection of books, and antiquities of all kinds, will only serve to show how superficial must be your knowledge of its contents. Every department of human learning and research is here illustrated from the pre-historic to the Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Roman and Grecian histories, customs and manners, down to that of the Indians of our own North-West. It is eminently a place for the student, the teacher and the author. From this exhaustless quarry are gathered the materials for magazine articles and ponderous works, and few questions can arise, either as to past or present, but that the answer could be found in some M.S. or book, or statue, or coin, or medal or implement in the British Museum, the largest collection of the kind, (I believe) in the world.

Another place of great historic and painful interest is the Tower, the ancient fortress and gloomy state prison of London. It probably originated with William the Conqueror. You are interested in the Beef Eaters or Warders, in their quaint old cos-

tunes, who are stationed at different parts of the building, and all are old soldiers of meritorious service. The crown jewels of priceless value and interest are kept here and exhibited to visitors, all under glass, and enclosed in an iron railing. There is also in the Tower a vast collection of old armour, and among other objects of interest there is the cloak on which General Wolfe died at Quebec, when Canada, as a result of this great victory, became subject to the British crown. It is, however, chiefly because of the many royal and other distinguished persons who were prisoners here, and met their death within or immediately without its walls, that the Tower is a place of most pathetic interest.

Facing Trafalgar Square is the National Gallery, a magnificent building containing a most valuable collection of pictures by British and other artists. Admission is free, and it is open every day. The pictures are classified in rooms as the Tuscan, Venetian, Spanish, French and German Schools. The works of all the great masters, ancient and modern are here, and even one ignorant of art, is struck with the beauty of the pictures, and the great value of the collection. Adjoining it is the National Portrait Gallery. It contains 1,000 portraits, many of them by great artists, as Holbein, Vandyck, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney and others, chronologically arranged from the days of the Tudors to the time of Queen Victoria. From an artistic point of view, the finest paintings are in the earlier rooms, the royal portraits especially comparing very poorly with those e. g. of the Tudor period.

As you stand on the steps of the National Gallery, you have a fine view of Trafalgar Square, one of the finest open places in London, and a great centre of attraction. In the centre of the Square stands the Nelson monument, 145 feet high, crowned with a statue of Nelson, 17 feet in height. The Brock monument at Niagara resembles it, if it be not an exact copy. The Square, which is paved with asphalt, contains also two fountains, and statues of Havelock, Napier, George IV., and General Gordon.

At Charing Cross, adjoining Trafalgar Square, there is an equestrian statue of Charles I., which is remarkable for the vicissitudes it has undergone. It was cast in 1633, but had not yet been erected when the Civil War broke out. It was then sold by the Parliament to a brazier, named John Rivet, for the purpose of being melted down, and this worthy sold pretended fragments of it to both friends and foes of the Stuarts. At the restoration, however, it, (the statue) was produced uninjured, and in 1674 was erected on the spot where it has since stood.

Among other places, I visited the Zoological Gardens. The chief interest there to the general public seemed to be the feeding of the lions, which takes place daily at 3 or 4 in the afternoon. Also the Gardens at Kew. Taking a small steamer at Westminster Bridge, and steaming up the Thames, past Lambeth Palace, and other places of interest, you reach these famous Gardens, in which every conceivable tree or plant is grown either in the open air or under glass. I was, too, at Richmond, a fam-

ous summer resort of Londoners and strangers. Its large park is eight miles in circumference. The scenery is beautiful, and large herds of deer add to the charms of the Park.

These are only a few of the more notable sights and places of interest in and about London. London, as a place of amusement and instruction, is simply inexhaustible. It is educational, and in its historic buildings, art galleries, libraries and facilities for enjoyment, one who lives here has opportunities of improvement which are not equalled anywhere else in the world.

LAMBETH PALACE.

During the London season there are many great social functions. I was honored with an invitation to Lambeth Palace to an "At Home" by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple, and was also present at a similar occasion at Fulham Palace, the residence of the Bishop of London. They are attended by many prominent people, and are simply conducted. Your name is announced. You shake hands with your host and hostess. You wander about the lawn and listen to the band. You meet friends and see distinguished people, who may be recognized or pointed out, bishops, statesmen, authors, etc., wander through the Chapel and Palace, partake of some slight refreshments and come away. You are struck with the ease and good breeding of the company, and the general informality which prevails.

To a Colonial Churchman Lambeth Palace and Chapel are of intense interest. For 600 years it has been the London residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. On its walls are portraits by distinguished artists of many of the Archbishops and other eminent persons. It has been the home of Cranmer, Laud, Juxon, and other great prelates, and in its Chapel were consecrated the Bishops for the Colonies and the United States, from which has grown the American and Colonial Churches — daughters of the venerable Mother Church of England.

The present Archbishop, Dr. Temple, is remarkable for his plain, practical, sturdy common sense — his breadth of view and statesmanship, his sympathy with all that tends to improve social conditions, and to elevate and improve the masses. I heard him preach on the work of the S.P.G., at St. Peter's Eaton Square.

THE DERBY.

It is somewhat of a jump from an Archbishop and an Episcopal Palace to a horse race; but the Derby is an event in the London season, and I could not lose the opportunity of seeing it. It was the first time in my life that I had seen a horse race, and I say it where it is admitted it is carried out in the best manner. On this occasion the Prince of Wales was present, and his horse, "Diamond Jubilee" won, to the great satisfaction of the assembled multitude, with whom the Prince of Wales is a prime favorite. To go by road is the only proper way to go to Epsom, and the ap-

pearance of the Downs crowded by a mass of humanity from the Prince to the vagrant is a sight not soon to be forgotten. On May 30, with a party of six, three ladies and three gentlemen, and a driver in a carriage and pair, we drove out to the vicinity of the race course. The road was crowded with every conceivable conveyance, from stately carriages and coaches to donkey carts. There was much horn blowing, and the crowd of all sorts and conditions of men with hampers were, out bent on enjoyment. On reaching the Downs you get as good a situation as possible, and as the Derby Stakes are not run till 3 o'clock, the place becomes a big picnic ground, and all are occupied in spreading table-cloths and eating lunch. Amid tremendous cheering the Prince's horse wins. Wandering about you are amused at the variety of people, the beggar and the millionaire, and at the innumerable fakes and fakirs that occupy the ground.

"The Epsom carnival preserved all its traditional features, and the output of humanity, from both St. James' and St. Giles', was never on a larger or more enthusiastic scale. The shadow of Whit Monday apparently exercised no deterrent effect upon the multitude, for the laboring classes of to-day have money to spend and to spare. They came to Epsom in the usual variety—not with scrip and scrippage, but with bag and baggage, and plenty of victuals to boot. Take what exception we may to the Derby in some of its social aspects—and I would be the last to seek to condone them—there is something cheering to the heart in the sight of a great free people enjoying itself in its own way, practically unguarded, unwatched, unmolested.

What baffles the imagination in dealing with the Derby is the largeness of the theme its many-sidedness, its wonderful studies of human nature, its curious blend of irresponsible jollity unquestionable rascality, and undisguised vagabondage. Except that our costumes have changed since the "sixties," and that the Grand Stand has undergone additions and extensions, Frith's picture of "The Derby Day" still affords the most concrete illustration of a scene which cannot fail to create wonderment at its first beholding. Artists, in common with statesmen and eminent lawyers, have not been impervious to the charms of Epsom. Diamond Jubilee won very comfortably, and with a bit to spare, by half a length.

As if by magic the crowd clustered in on the course and faced the Royal box, shouting with might and main. The Prince, highly delighted, and making no affectation of indifference, came forward and bowed, and the Princess, from her crimson cloth-covered balcony, was equally gracious and equally pleased. Meanwhile the cheers kept rolling forth in a dense and solid volume. Persimmon was the hero of an exciting scene, but Diamond Jubilee was the hero of a greater. And then there was the return of the winner to scale, through packed walls of human beings gesticulating, roaring with pleasure, and—let the truth be told, though the heavens fall!—seeking to surreptitiously abstract mementoes of the triumph by plucking the hairs from the horse's tail. Making his way to the enclosure gate, through ranks of

handshaking friends, and running the gauntlet of overjoyed Turfites unceremoniously slapping him on the back, the Prince met Diamond Jubilee on the course, where the stoutest efforts of the police were needed to force a passage for the equine champion. First of all, His Royal Highness shook hands with Marsh, the trainer, and, walking bareheaded, leading in the winner, aroused another storm of cheering from the excited multitude. True to the traditions of victorious jockeys, Herbert Jones kept as cool as a cucumber, and Diamond Jubilee showed a disposition perfectly saintly, notwithstanding that the mobbing was sufficient to upset the temper of any horse. No sooner had his rider dismounted than the Prince patted him on the back, and when Jones turned round to discover from whom this complimentary attention proceeded he lifted his cap in recognition of the kindness. Thereupon the Prince shook hands with him very cordially, and complimented him on his excellent display, while the cheers rose higher than before, to be again and again renewed as the all-conquering son of St. Simon—his battle over and his laurels won—was escorted back to the paddock. A more popular finish to a Derby cannot be conceived. But the crowd felt that more applause was insufficiently expressive, so presently a stave of "Rule, Britannia" was started. It was a very erratic start, though extremely well meant, and suffered simply from want of rehearsal. Only when the National Anthem was begun, on a Handel festival scale, did the high good temper and patriotic emotions of the populace most demonstratively manifest themselves. "God Save the Queen" by a monster chorus on Epsom racecourse was a new experience, quite eclipsing the paid efforts of the brass bands which hailed the minor Turf triumphs of the Fourth George. If the crowd had been permitted, it would have stayed cheering all the afternoon, but time and the Caterham Plate waited for no man, and, finally, with a parting shout, the great company dispersed, thoroughly satisfied with their participation in the brilliant triumph of the much-libelled Diamond Jubilee. A sweeter horse they had never seen, and his deeds were as noble as his looks.—The Daily Chronicle, May 31, on The Derby.

MAFEKING DAY.

The war was on when I was in England, as it still is unhappily, and evidences of its popularrity were in evidence on all hands. Tommy Atkins was the hero of the hour, and his exploits in everybody's mouth. But public interest and enthusiasm outburst all bounds on the receipt of the news of the relief of Mafeking. For several days news to that effect was expected. I had seen in the Mansion House a large portrait of Baden Powell ready to be put on exhibition on receipt of the good news. I had gone to bed early on the night of Friday, May 18, but I had hardly got between the sheets before I heard shouts, which waxed louder and louder. Dressing rapidly and going to the Horse Shoe, on Oxford St., I witnessed the extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm with which the news of the relief of Mafeking spon-

tancously developed. The streets were crowded with thousands, to whom the news had been announced in the theatres and places of public amusement. 'Busses and carriages were full of people, shouting, waving flags and blowing horns. The uproar continued all through Saturday, and is conceded to have been the greatest emotional outburst ever known in England.

The following account is from the Daily Chronicle of May 21:—"Never have the scenes of irrepressible and irresistible enthusiasm for the relief of Mafeking been equalled in the memory of man or the records of the Empire. Never can they be forgotten by the generation which they have thrilled to the marrow, and swept beyond all the ordinary limits of its nature by the splendid and passionate impulse of national emotion flashed round the world, and making one vast electric circuit of the entire British race. For the whole of two days and the greater part of three nights, throughout the dominions of the Queen, the Empire has abandoned itself to an outburst of thanksgiving for the happy end of an intolerable suspense and of pride in an achievement nobler characteristic than immortal.

The scenes in London can never be surpassed. Friday night, with all its overwhelming excitement, was but the prelude where the scenes of Saturday were the climax, when all the millions of the metropolis poured in exulting through all its arteries, and the omnibuses were fairly beaten back in the hopeless effort to navigate the "multitudinous sea" which surged and roared in the midst of the city. What was happening in London was only the most immense of the demonstrations that were of instant and spontaneous occurrence in every town and village of the land, and in all the sea-divided cities of the Empire. The color of Mafeking Day must be given in a word — an Empire that with one magic signal had burst into bunting. The message had been flashed under every ocean, across every continent, from clime to clime, wherever the British flag is flown. It reached and thrilled the most remote point upon the earth-wide circumference of the Empire. The centre of that universal effect was the torch-light procession at Windsor, witnessed by the Queen herself, the mother of her people, the symbol of their Imperial unity, the very sign and figure of the cause sustained with immortal honor by the handful of our race in Mafeking."

England's care for her soldiers I had evidence of in two grand institutions, the Chelsea Hospital and the Duke of York's R. M. S. They adjoin each other at Chelsea. In the former you see the old veterans in their picturesque costumes, living in a palace, supplied with pensions, and each man allotted a small piece of ground, where they raise flowers and vegetables. In the latter 600 boys, orphans of soldiers, ranging from 9 to 14 or 15 years old, are educated, clothed and fed, and about 70 p.c. of them enter the army. I attended Divine service at the Chapel. Before service the boys parade before the officers, each boy is given a Prayer Book, and Hymn Book, and with these under their arms they go at quick step, and, to my mind, thus equipped, it was a

fine illustration of the hymn they afterwards sung in Church:—

"Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to War."

THE CATHEDRALS.

But I must get away from London, for, though Paris is France, London is by no means England.

On invitation of Capt. Symons, a young Canadian, who, by his ability, has risen to be Private Secretary to Sir William McCormack, the celebrated Military Surgeon, I was at the Medical Mess at Aldershot. I saw some of our Canadian soldiers there in Hospital. There were some 35,000 men at Aldershot, and I was surprised to find it a place of trees, and lawns, and flowers, and fine buildings, as I had expected to see only bare parade grounds and tents, or at best, temporary buildings.

Canterbury is 62 miles from London by the London Chatham and Dover Railway, which you take at Victoria. On May 21 I went there accompanied by Rev. E. Dymond. You pass the hop fields of Kent, and much pretty scenery by the way. On reaching the Cathedral you are impressed with its vastness. As pictures fail to convey an idea of its size, Rev. Mr. Gray, Minor Canon of the Cathedral, showed us about, pointing out the spot of Becket's murder, and also the spot on which Henry 2nd did penance. He drew our attention to many interesting objects, among them the chair on which successive Archbishops of Canterbury have been enthroned, and a chalice and paten which had recently been taken from the tomb of an ancient prelate. We attended evensong in the choir; the music was good, including an Anthem, and the Dean, the well-known Dr. Farrer, read the 2nd lesson.

We also visited the Church of St. M[illegible] said to be the oldest in England, stated by Bede to ha[illegible] built, while the Romans occupied Britain. There are m[illegible] of Roman work still existing in the building. The [illegible] used as an Oratory by Queen Bertha, wife of Ethel[illegible] of Kent, before the coming of St. Augustine, A.D. 597.

Beside St. Paul's and Canterbury, I visited Winchester, remarkable as being the longest Cathedral in England; Salisbury, noted for its graceful spire, the highest in England, and the Cathedral at Wells and at Chester. The Verger of the latter, an old man, has been in his present place since 1835, and looks as though he might hold it some years yet. On learning I was from Canada, he drew my attention to the stoves which heat the Cathedral, and are furnished by Gurney, of Toronto.

[illegible] of Wight

The most beautiful of [illegible] islands around the English coast is undoubtedly the Isle of Wight. It is reached by steamers across the Solent, from the south coast of Hampshire. I took steamer at Portsmouth to Ryde, crossing that famous place of naval manoeuvres, Spithead. It is remarkable for its scenic and sylvan beauty, its marine views, its salubrious and healthful climate, as well as being interesting historically. At Sandown, where I stayed, there is a fine crescent-shaped beach, several miles long, shallow and sandy, making a splendid bathing place. Just above the beach the banks are very high, and innumerable birds make their nests there. The view from the top is very pretty, taking in as it does inland and ocean views. Bathing machines are on the shore, which are moved about by a horse attached to them, and in which you can dress and undress. A great pier runs out hundreds of feet, at the end of which is a large hall, in which band concerts are given and assemblies of all kinds are held.

Other places on the island are Shanklin, Ventnor, a fashionable health resort, Cowes, famous as headquarters of the Royal Yacht Club, and Carisbrooke Castle, where King Charles was a prisoner, before being taken to London to his trial and execution.

Coach rides and boat rides, trips by land and water abound here, and an all-day ride on the top of a coach in this lovely Isle, passing through wooded and cultivated lands, rose-clad cottages, and country churches, a constant succession of leafy and floral beauty is a pleasing experience which cannot be surpassed.

For honeymoon couples the Isle of Wight is a favorite place, and June a favorite month, so I had a good opportunity to see the roses and rhododendrons at their best, and also to meet [illegible] young people in that conscious and unconceivably happy [illegible] known as the honeymoon.

[illegible]eton [illegible] the grave of the Dairyman's daughter in [illegible]urch yard of the quaint old church, made famous by Rev. Leigh Richmond, in his "Annals of the Poor." A gravestone marks the spot with the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth Wallbridge, "The Dairyman's daughter," who died May 30th, 1801, aged 31 years.

"Stranger, if e'er, by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread—
Turn from the contemplation of the sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God."

The Queen's palace of Osborne, and where since this lecture was delivered she died, is on the north shore, near Cowes, and commanding a view of the Solent, and near by is Whippingham Church, which she used to attend, and in which is the tomb of her son-in-law, the Duke of Battenburg. It was built from designs by the late Prince Consort.

Points of interest abound in this charming island scenic, historic and marine, and it is consequently frequented by tourists and pleasure seekers, who find there health and enjoyment.

It is an easy transition from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth. I spent several days here, as the guest of E. P. Fox, Esq., formerly of Burford, whose interest in Canada is great and whose hospitality was unbounded. Portsmouth is, as all know, a great naval and military station. The chief object of attraction is the vast dockyard, in which thousands of men are engaged in building, repairing and refitting the ships of H. M. Navy. I saw here the Ironclad Belleisle, which had been a target for H.M.S. Majestic for a few minutes in order to test projectiles, and the resistance of armour plate, with the result that the Belleisle was soon sent to the bottom of the ocean.

On the morning of June 11 I went over H.M.S. Resolution, an up-to-date warship, with an officer who gave us full explanations of the ship. One is struck with the complex machinery of the modern battleship. It's propelling and fighting force is largely mechanical, leaving but little to the originality or resource of the individual. The sailor now is more of a mechanic than a seaman. The space is much crowded on all decks in contrast with the roominess of old warships. Its powers of destruction are immense, and 1200 pound projectiles, which can be sent many miles, are a great contrast to the 32 pounds, the heaviest used on board Nelson's ship, the Victory.

In the afternoon of the same day I was on board Nelson's old flagship, and a greater contrast than exists between the two above-named ships cannot be imagined. I took a ferry-boat to Gosport, and an old salt rowed us out to the Victory. As I gazed at this historic ship, climbed up her side, stood on the spot where the immortal Nelson fell, and saw the cockpit below in which he died, I confess I was deeply moved. The Victory, a typical old line of battleship, is a beautiful and graceful object as she rides at anchor in Portsmouth harbour, and from an artistic standpoint, is far ahead of her modern rivals. As one wandered over her decks, and in the lower decks you cannot stand upright, and thought of the scenes her wooden walls had witnessed, and the part that she had played on many a sea, and especially of her crowning achievement at the battle of Trafalgar Oct. 21, 1805, one could not but feel proud that he belonged to the nation which produced Nelson and his sailors, and is to-day the great sea power of the world.

It was a peaceful Sunday when the battle of Trafalgar was fought, as it was a Sunday when Wellington defeated Bonaparte at Waterloo. The faintest of winds blew. At twenty minutes to 7 the signal to "prepare for action" was flying from the Victory's peak. Nelson had 27 line of battleships under his flag. Villeneuve's fleet consisted of 33 ships of the line, 18 French and 15 Spanish.

At eleven o'clock Nelson went below to his cabin. He was seen upon his knees. He was writing that memorable prayer, the last lines he ever penned:—"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a

great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity, after victory, be the prominent feature in the British fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

Returning to the deck he gave the signal never to be forgotten:—"England expects every man to do his duty."

The Franco-Spanish fleet had fallen into the shape of an elongated and far-reaching crescent. Nelson attacked in two columns, bearing down, that is, at right angles to the enemy's line. Collingwood led one line, Nelson, the other. The Victory slowly moved on in the lead encountering the enemy's fire.

But nothing arrested the slow, fate-like advance of the English flagship. At one o'clock the stern of the Victory slowly forged past the stern of the Bucentaure, carrying the flag of Admiral Villeneuve. Then as the British ship pushed slowly on, each of the 50 guns which formed her broadside, was in turn fired into the Bucentaure's stern, in one long, angry and rending broadside. It struck down nearly 400 men, and disabled 20 guns.

The Victory next engaged the Redoubtable, and it was a shot from a musketeer in the rigging striking Nelson in the shoulder, which gave him his mortal wound.

In the cockpit of the Victory, a few hours afterwards, cheered by tidings of success, and supported by the conviction that he had done his duty, the immortal Nelson died.

We have said there is a great contrast between old ships of war and Nelson's sailors, and the ships and sailors of to-day, and in many respects it is true; but in one most important particular there has been no change, we believe, and it is in this that the natural-born seamen of England to-day are not behind their predecessors in bravery, skill and endurance, and that now as in the days of Nelson and his heroes:—"Britannia rules the waves."

It can be very warm sometimes in England, and this I realized on the 12th of June, the day I spent at Winchester. On this day over 100 men were prostrated by heat in the manoeuvres at Aldershot. They do not prepare for heat in England, and when it comes it takes them at a disadvantage. Neither with clothing, or in food, or drinks, do they adapt themselves to it; as for ice it is a rare and unobtainable commodity. Winchester is a Cathedral City. It contains beside the Cathedral, the College founded by William Wykeham, which ranks next to Eton as a Public-School. It is patronized by the sons of the wealthy, and has turned out a number of famous men. Here also is the old Church and Alms House of St. Cross for 17 old men. One of the pensioners in quaint dress acts as a guide. They receive daily rations of bread and meat, and ten shillings a week, besides not a few gratuities from visitors. A dole of ale and bread is given here to all who care to accept it. A quiet and peaceful place of

rest and retirement. It was just outside the grounds of St. Cross that I first heard the notes of the cuckoo, and I can only say that the cuckoo clock imitation is excellent.

WINCHESTER, SALISBURY AND BATH.

From Winchester I went to Salisbury, and from thence to the Cathedral City of Wells. The City of Wells derives its name from the existence of three springs, or wells, in the garden of the Bishop's Palace. Here I had my first experience of an old English Inn. I staid at the Swan, and when I tell you that it has been an Inn since the reign of King Edward III. (1327-1377), you will agree with me that it has been long enough at the business to understand it. The Inns and Hotels in England are as a rule comparatively small, home-like and comfortable. The attendance is good, and the table comparatively plain. You do not have a bill of fare as long as your arm, nor are you tempted to ruin your digestion, as you are in Hotels this side the water. I stopped at the York House Hotel, Bath—the Grosvenor Chester; The Queen's, Coventry, The Warwick Arms, Warwick and the Mitre Oxford, all well-known places, and found them very similar in this respect. Soup, fish, and joint, an entree, dessert and cheese was the general rule. Two questions were generally asked, what will you have to drink, and will you have some gooseberry tart? To the first question I did not object, as one must drink something, if it is only aerated water, for unadulterated water is something the average Englishman rarely uses, except in his bath tub. But I did rebel against the inevitable gooseberry tart, from which the only variation allowed was gooseberry fool. In hotels and private houses, alike, there was no escaping the ubiquitous gooseberry, and I came at last to hate the sight or sound of a gooseberry. The English beat us in meats, and we beat them in sweets. I know Canadians are loath to admit that their beef and mutton are not the best in the world. But in this they must take second place with England. If the meat is not better in England then it must be in the cooking. It is said that God sends the victuals, and the Devil sends the cooks; if this be so, then all I can say is that the Devil is very kind to us Canadians, and I hope in this case it is not an instance of the Devil being good to his own. Hotel charges average from $4 to $5 per day, and good meals can be got at restaurants in London from $1 upwards. Of course, luncheon and breakfast are somewhat cheaper, and if one studies economy, there are places where these meals could be supplied for $1.25. In England you can live as dearly or as cheaply as you please, and you will find places suited to all tastes, and to all purses. In London the best and probably cheapest way of living is to get a room, and breakfast, which you can get for four shillings a day and upwards in central locations, and to lunch and dine where it may best suit your convenience.

From Wells to Bath is not far, and the names are often conjoined, as in the name of the Diocese Bath and Wells. Bath

is a beautiful city, both for situation and in its residences. It is rather an aristocratic residential city, famous for its baths and waters, associated in the past with the patronage of royalty and fashionable people, and identified with the names of Beau Brummel and Beau Nash. Its Abbey Church is noted for containing more mural tablets than any other Church in the Kingdom (700), the walls being completely covered with them. Many resort here for the baths and waters still, and you meet a number of invalids being wheeled about in the familiar bath chairs.

It was the [illegible]th anniversary of the founding of the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and its Bicentenary was being observed throughout England in June. I was engaged to preach for it at Whitchurch, in Shropshire. Taking the railway from Bath to Bristol, and passing under the Severn in the tunnel said to be the longest in England, which occupied 5 minutes, I passed up along the border of Wales, amid very pretty scenery to Shrewsbury, and from there to Whitchurch. The Rectory (at which I was a guest) a large mansion in ample grounds, with noble trees and gardens, and the old tithe barns carefully preserved, in which a tenth of the grain was in old times deposited, is an ideal residence. The Rector, Rev. Prebendary Egerton, is a most interesting personality. He is 88 years of age, and has for nearly 60 years been Rector of Whitchurch, and is now a Prebendary of Litchfield Cathedral. But he wears his years well, and might pass easily for one in the sixties, so well preserved and active is he both in mind and body. In some personal reminiscences which he has published, and a copy of which he kindly gave me, he says:—"I was born on 13th Nov., 1811, A. D., in the same room at Malpas in which the great and good Bishop Heber first saw the light of a world in which he was destined to shine, and to devote a noble life to the service of our Divine Master. That night (as I was told by my mother) that night was turned to the light of day by the blaze of the memorable comet of 1811. George III. was still upon the throne when I was ten years of age. I have lived throughout the reigns of George IV. and William IV., and through 56 years of the reign of Queen Victoria, whom God preserve. I have been a clergyman in the Diocese of Litchfield, under the Episcopacy of seven Bishops; five of whom have died, one has been translated as Archbishop of York, and one remains—long may his valuable life be spared". The venerable Rector is no pessimist, nor laudator temporis acti, and thinks that in many respects the world has advanced and men and manners have improved. The Church, built on the foundation of an older one, dates from the reign of Queen Anne, and the Rector is assisted by three Curates. I preached here morning and evening to large congregations, addressed the S. S. in the afternoon, and also a missionary meeting in the schoolhouse on Monday night.

A short journey took me to Chester, famous for its Cathedral, quaint streets, and above all, for its ancient wall, 1 3-4 miles enclosing the city. It is a unique feature, and I walked around it twice .

COVENTRY AND STRATFORD.

From Chester I went to Coventry, a midland town, famous for its three spires, its curious old houses, and ancient buildings, rich in historical associations, and also for its manufactures, notably of ribbons, watches, and bicycles. It is also the scene of the legendary story of Lady Godiva, and Peeping Tom. The Grey Friars' Hospital is a very ancient building of timber framework. It is supposed to be one of the most beautiful specimens of its kind in the Kingdom. I noticed near by an old building styled Grey Friars' Inn, licensed to sell wine and spirituous liquors, and was amused to see that the proprietor's name was the same as my own, Alfred Brown.

Near Coventry is Kenilworth and Warwick and Stratford, all of which I visited. At the former place I visited the Castle, made famous by Scott in his novel, Kenilworth Castle, in which are depicted the sorrows of unhappy Amy Robsart, the duplicities of Leicester, and the womanly weakness of Elizabeth. The ruin is most interesting, and situated in the midst of lovely country. In the afternoon of the same day I visited Warwick Castle, kept in the most perfect condition, both in its surroundings and buildings, and its interior filled with the choicest treasures of art. A greater contrast between departed glory, as exhibited in the ruins of Kenilworth, and the present glories and beauty of Warwick Castle, cannot be conceived, and as one looks at Warwick Castle and recalls Kenilworth, one is reminded of the sentence, "Sic transit gloria mundi."

It is only seven miles from Warwick to Stratford on Avon, and I took a carriage and went by road. Outside the town is Ann Hathaway's cottage, where Shakespeare wooed and won his wife. The chief business of Stratford, I should say, was Shakespeare. The hotels live off visitors to this, his birth and burial place. The shop windows are full of souvenirs of him on sale, and small children pursue you on foot, reciting sentences from the immortal bard. The ardor of these infantile poets is speedily cooled if you fail to encourage them as possible Shakespeares by not giving them your superfluous pennies.

The Church here is a fine one, most beautifully situate on the banks of the Avon. You approach it through an avenue of Limes. It is dedicated to The Holy Trinity. In it Shakespeare was baptized, and in its Chancel his body lies. Buried here also are his wife and daughter. On the stone which covers the poet's remains are the well-known lines:—

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbeare,
> To digg the dust encloased heare;
> Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
> And curst be he yt moves my bones."

The bust of the poet is on the north wall above his grave. The sculptor never saw him, and did not work from life, and it is not, therefore, to be considered a life-like representation of the great poet.

In the north-east corner of the Chancel is the recumbent figure of John Combe, a friend of Shakespeare, who died two years before him, of whom the Poet is said to have jestingly composed this epitaph, in reference to his usurious practices:—

"Ten in a hundred lies here ingraved,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved:
If any one asks: 'Who lies in this Tomb?'
'Ho, ho,' quoth the Devil, ''Tis my Johnny Combe."

The Church At Stratford is most carefully preserved, and the services very reverently conducted.

ADDRESS AT CHELTENHAM.

My next move was to Cheltenham, a comparatively new town for England, noted for its schools. It is a residential city, and numbers many retired Indian and other officers among its residents. I preached here in two churches, SS. Philip and James, and All Saints', for the S.P.G., and addressed a large gathering of school children, 1200 in number, at Christ Church, of which Robertson of Brighton, was once Curate, in the afternoon. On Monday afternoon I addressed a large meeting of clergy and citizens in the Corn Exchange. The Mayor of the city, the Rural Dean and other leading citizens were present. There was much enthusiasm as to missionary effort by the S.P.G. and other societies, and all allusions to Colonial loyalty and co-operation in the War in South Africa, and to closer Imperial unity, were heartily cheered, and I may say the same interest was manifested wherever I heard these things mentioned in England, either in public or in private. At this meeting eloquent and able addresses were given by Canon Hutchinson, the Chairman, and Canon Childe. My address, as reported by The Cheltenham Weekly, was as follows:

The Rev. Canon Brown, who is making his first visit to England, said it was with great pleasure that he had joined in the singing of the National Anthem, because it made him feel he was back in Canada, where an opportunity was never missed of voicing the familiar words. His ideas of England were very high; the children of Canada were brought up to have a great reverence for England, and everything English; and before coming to this country he wrote to a friend expressing the hope that as a result of his visit his ideals would not vanish, and that some of his idols would not topple down. He was glad to say that, after the necessarily limited observation he had had, his ideas had rather been heightened than otherwise, and that, if it were possible, his regard for England and everything English had been deepened and increased. (Applause.) And amongst the most pleasant things in connection with his visit had been the observing of the life and energy and power and widespread usefulness of the great national Church of this country, because not only was this growing activity of the Church beneficial to the people of these islands, but when there was life and power in the heart it would be felt at the extremities, and if there were life at home there would be a reflex of that life abroad. Missionary effort was the

life of the Church; a Church that had no missionary zeal would be more or less a dead Church. And the expansion of the Empire had created the need for increased missionary effort. He did not think Englishmen realised how greatly the Empire was expanding. Did they realise, for example, what a great country Canada was, occupying half of the North American Continent? Canadians did not like to be called Americans, because they had proceeded from evolution, whereas the Americans had proceeded by revolution; and he hoped they would continue to proceed by evolution until there was a complete unity—until the Federation of Canada should be followed by the Federation of Australia and then of South Africa, and the Federation of the colonies be followed by the Federation of the British Empire. (Applause.) As he had remarked before, Mr. Conan Doyle made use of the observation, George Washington was the man who founded the British empire, by the lesson he taught the English Government, viz., not to exploit the colonies for the benefit of the home country, but to use them for the mutual benefit of both. And if he might compare an infinitely less sagacious man with Washington, he would say Paul Kruger was the man who had consolidated the British Empire; he had brought the different parts together and united them in a way which fifty years of education and discussion would not have accomplished, when he issued his ultimatum last October. (Applause.) All this had placed a great responsibility on the Empire. God had given England rule over 40,000,000 of whites and 300,000,000 of the coloured races; but if this were a great responsibility, as it assuredly was, it was also a great and glorious opportunity, and they would be recreant to their high calling if they did not rise to their opportunity and endeavor to the best of their power to bring these peoples under the influence of the gospel. Whatever others might do—and they did much—the Church of England was and must necessarily be the great means by which this work would be accomplished, and the S.P.G. was the organization or right arm of the Church in carrying out this purpose. Their brethren abroad had a claim upon the Church at home; they had given up their share of the national inheritance and had gone forth to found empires, in the prosperity of which the home country had a part, and therefore those who remained behind were only discharging a plain duty in coming to their aid in these matters. Tennyson had asked of the colonies:—

> Sharers of our glorious past,
> Brothers, must we part at last?

They know well the answer which the colonies had given. As Ruth said to Naomi, the answer was, "Whithersoever thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." In forms of government, in literature, and in social life the colonists were certainly sharers of Englishmen's glorious past; they were indebted to the home country for much which they enjoyed, and were proud that they had sprung from a race which occupied so high a place in the world to-day. He trusted, therefore, that there would be a welding together of the old

country, and the new countries, and considered that the Church would be a great factor in that operation. Having sketched in brief the history of Canada, "The Land of Promise," he remarked that the French-Canadians were a unique people, honest, intelligent, and industrious, while he had only to mention the name of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to prove how thoroughly loyal they were to the British Crown. The secret of their loyalty was that under the Constitution, their liberties, their language, their religion, and their laws were guaranteed and protected. To a man, however, they were Roman Catholics, and consequently the Church of Rome was very strong in Canada; it embraced about 40 per cent. of the entire population. In Eastern Canada the conditions were different, though the Church there was a proof of the good work done by the S.P.G. in the last 200 years rather than an illustration of its present work. In the Eastern provinces there were no less than nine self-supporting dioceses, with between 800 and 900 clergy, which might be traced to the planting and nursing care of the P.S.G. And this was, after all, only a part of the society's work; in Australia, and in other parts of the world. He described the needs of the scattered dioceses of the north and west of Canada, where new settlers were poor, including Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia; and to show that assistance would not be rendered to the churches in these dioceses a day beyond the time when they could support themselves, he pointed to the independent churches in Eastern Canada, and mentioned that these were now not merely self-supporting, but rendered considerable help, through their own Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions, to the struggling churches in other parts of Canada, and also to missionary effort in Japan. These daughter churches of the Church of England would, no doubt, in time themselves become the mothers of churches, and the great work would go on until the vision of the prophet would be accomplished, and "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea," and Christ should "have the heathen for His inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession." (Applause.)

The Mayor, in proposing a vote of thanks to the deputation and to the Chairman, said he was sure they heartily welcomed Canon Brown to Cheltenham, not only for the eloquent speech he had delivered, but because they saw in him a patriotic son of one of the distant parts of the Queen's Empire. (Applause.) Those of them who lived in Cheltenham would also like to recognize the way in which men like Canon Hutchinson and Canon Childe were upholding the Church in their midst; and as Mayor of the town he should like to acknowledge what they and the other clergy, and the ministers of all denominations, did in the promotion and preservation of peace and harmony in the town. (Applause.)

The Rev. G. Gardner, seconded, and thanked Canon Childe for the admirable arrangements made for the children's service at Christ Church on Sunday afternoon.

The Rector, in supporting the vote, said he wished, as a devoted member of the C.M.S., to express the cordial appreciation of that society for the sympathy given to the C.M.S. by the S.P.G., on the occasion of the centenary, and to say how earnestly they hoped and prayed that the bi-centenary celebrations of the S.P.G. might be all that its friends could wish.

The resolution was carried, and was briefly replied to by Canon Brown, and the Rural Dean, the proceedings being then brought to a close with the Benediction.

A collection was taken, which realized £13 16s. 6d.

I spent two days in Oxford. But it would take two weeks to see and study that seat of learning and of letters. Oxford is both ancient and unique. You realize that you are in a great academic centre, and see illustrated in the numerous churches and chapels, and religious foundations, the union which exists; and should always be maintained between those twin sisters, Religion and Learning.

WINDSOR AND ETON.

Lastly, I went to Windsor, the greatest and most historic of the royal residences. It is familiar, and I will not dwell upon it. As I gazed at its fortress-like walls, I thought of the illustrious woman and Queen, who now occupies it; and also of that early acquaintance of my boyhood, who having rendered his country eminent services, died within its walls, I mean, Sir John Thompson. I walked out to Eton and saw the boys in their short jackets, broad collars, and tall hats. They represent a large section of the youthful wealth and aristocracy of England. It was founded 1440 by Henry VI., and is one of the most famous public schools.

I have given you a necessarily superficial account of "My Visit to England." It was long anticipated, much enjoyed, and will, I hope, some day be repeated. It increased and deepened, if possible, my attachment to the old Motherland, and I hope that the bonds which bind us to her will be, as time goes on, strengthened and multiplied; and that our dear, native country, Canada, conquered by British valor, endowed with British institutions, and developed with British energy and pluck, will always continue one of the galaxy of nations, which forms what has been well described, as "the most beneficient, secular power in the world for good to-day," viz., The British Empire.

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